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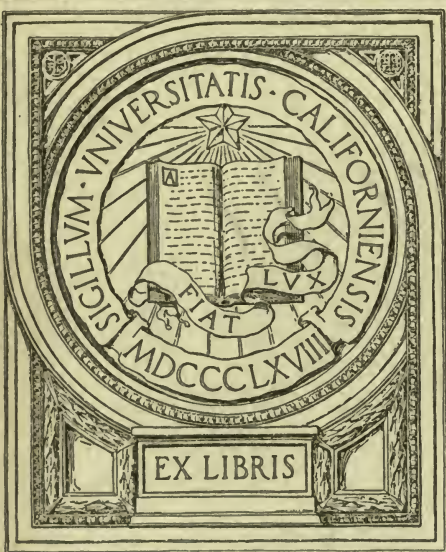


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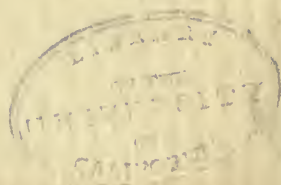
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GIFT OF

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Just Little Things

Elizabeth Genereaux



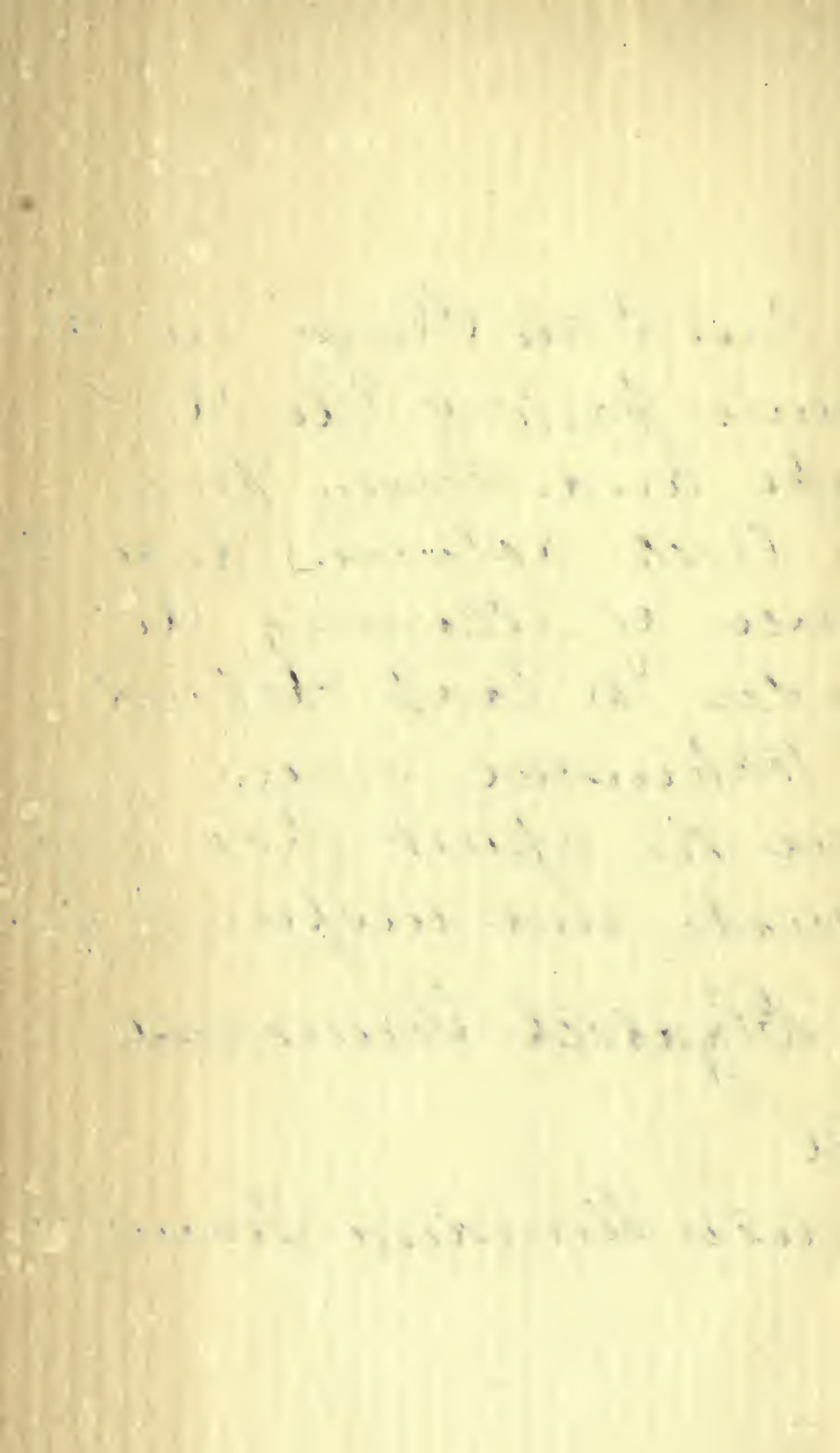
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"Just Little Things" are
atomic parts of life that
make and unmake. May
this little volume have
power of allowing the
reader to look behind
the technical errors and
find the spirit that
to make and inspire for

Elizabeth Sewall

April

Nineteen Hundred Seven



Merrium Apartments, Sacramento, Calif.

April 19, 1920

Mr. Sydney B. Mitchell,
The University of California Library,
Berkeley, California.

Dear Sir:

Under separate cover I am mailing a copy of my volume, "Just Little Things" as you requested. It has taken courage to send this to such a Library as yours. I am aware of the technical errors of my small collection but I hope its spirit may do some good.

Thanking you for the honor,

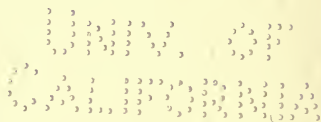
Yours very truly,

(Mrs.) Elizabeth Severance



Just Little Things

ELIZABETH GENEREAUX



THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON

Gift of the author

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON

41C120

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SACRAMENTO

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THE
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To Frances

A wish : and Inspiration's voice
Breathes low a treasured name ;
A spirit that my heart infused
I rise to catch the flame.

My Library.

COME friends, sit by my fire-flushed hearth
By book-lined walls; concurrent populous shelves;
'Neath the sun-rayed lamp, subservient to our needs.
Here, the ruby rugs from Persian looms
Rose-dip the shadows; and marble forms
That view these feasts of friendship
Stand shadow-ward; their moveless visions
Fraternize with treasures on the walls.
Lift the transparent veil!
Free spontaneous friends!
And in companionship spend unrivalled hours.
Conversable friends; generators of deathless thoughts,
Tho your prolific pens lie still,
We behold you visible to the eye.
Integral minds that pulse and flow,
You lend immeasurable hours.
Friends from our books, faithful and sincere
Seal the diffusive bond of fellowship here.

Aladdin's Lamp.

There is a land where dreams come true
Where dreams and thoughts are things;
And if I rub Aladdin's Lamp
My wish appears on wings.

So I will rub the lamp tonight,
This marvelous magic dish,
And presto! change! with eagle speed
Behold! my cherished wish.

A twilight-shadowed room appears.
Its walls around, book-filled,
Exhale the fragrance of the rose;
An essence heart-distilled.

I sit enwrapped in deep arm chair
Beside the fire-wood glow;
A wish, and then I see and touch
The hearts that come and go.

A wish: a true and faithful friend
Within a frame of old;
A picture of the unalloyed
The element of gold.

A wish: a form the Sculptor made
Her mother-worth He knew;
From crucible, the courage guides
Her hand that chisels true.

A wish: and comes a brisk sea-breeze
That sweeps me to my feet;
I hold my face up to the wind
Its freshened smile to greet.

A wish: a glimmer of the dawn;
The color of the rose;
A wholesome bonny face appears
A face that sunshine throws.

A wish: and Inspiration's voice
Breathes low a treasured name;
A spirit that my heart infused
I rise to catch the flame.

A wish: a clear, distinct mirage
Floats silently in air;
A wilderness; oasis green;
The peaceful waters there.

A wish: and childish voices float
Across the bridge of years;
A knock, a step, three pairs of arms—
My dearest wish appears!

Out Into the Mountain.

Up the rugged winding highway
Where the rocks view hills below,
Where the pines are loving guardsmen
Where the grape and salal grow,
There I love to pause and ponder
Breathe the balm that nature brings;
For a Sinai is about me
And the thoughts that lie in things.

There are tongues in yonder pine trees
There are tongues in distant hill;
Tho the air is fraught with silence
Comes a voice my soul to fill.
Up above a bird is flying
Far away the sea breaks high;
Down below the smoke is rising
From the homes that peaceful lie.

Slender trees that stand together
Ever pointing to the high,
Piny hands that clasp in friendship
Blended close against the sky,
Will you speak that all may hear you
In what forge is friendship wrought?
And the answer comes, "The true ones,
Are the friends that come unsought."

Now the bird sweeps low in passing
And he wings a message clear:
The Voice that guides the universe
Says, "Trust and have no fear."
And when you reach Gethsemane
In that midnight hour alone,
There comes a Voice of majesty;
"Sleep on now, the hour is come."

There are tongues in flowing river
As it winds out to the sea,
And its voice is hopeful, cheery
For it sings out joy to me.
Then out where the sea is breaking
And the rocks resist the tide,
The wild-toned wind pipes heartily:
"Ahoy! Stand by! I will guide."

There are tongues in fern and bramble
There are tongues in leaf and bough;
There are voices in the woodland
I am listening to them now,
So when the twilight falls on me
And the shadows that belong,
I'll hear the blended harmony
Of those voices in a song.





The Little House Among the Pines.

The mountain-top; where winding trail
Glides upward where the white clouds sail,
And fern-clad banks, a fairyland
In silence deep the woods command,
Protects with love that close entwines
The little house among the pines.

And morn, mesmeric hours bless
With airs that breathe in fulsomeness.
The pungent cedar; redolent
Of ancient balm the wise men sent,
With frankincense your flame combines,
Oh little house among the pines.

Across the space to yonder ridge
The sky looks down; a rainbow bridge
Of colors gold and red and brown
Is resting where the sky looks down.
The autumn-jeweled vale inshrines
The little house among the pines.

The hillside maples spread their hands
In worship for the fruitful lands;
The purple grapes that cluster low
With salal green and sword fern grow;
Enfolded rests within the vines
The little house among the pines.

With nimble feet the boughs among
The chipmunks chatter to their young;
And when the woods for winter dress
The green firs guard in tenderness;
A great protecting love is thine
Oh little house beneath the pine.

When eve has kissed the amber crest
And zephyrs lulled the day to rest,
Within the walls the pine knots spark
And cheer the hearts when night is dark;
Of friendship true thy window shines
Oh little house among the pines.

The Hidden Garden.

Crouched low behind a city street
Where lonely backs of houses meet,
A little home with stricken face
Sacrificed her rightful place.

Ask the walls; they know.

They know that in this tangled vine
Shadow'd forms: the tuneful Nine
Lurk to chant with timbre'd tongue
Of scars and scenes that lie among.

Ask the trees; they know.

They know that linnets nested there
Within the jasmin'd shade where
Babes have slept and mothers sang
And echoes creep where voices rang.

Ask the birds; they know.

They know that ceaseless constancy
Breathed a home within the tree;
The thrills the builded nest awoke,
Made a mother's heart of oak.

Ask the leaves; they know.

They know the gentle breeze of spring
Coaxed the tender leaves to cling;
But winter's cold and chilly blast
Scattered far and wide and fast.

Ask the stars; they know.

They know that in Gethsemane
Throbb'd a form on bended knee;
And prostrate with consuming heat
The fires surged to quench defeat.

Ask God; He knows.

He knows that in this hidden place
Smiles a flower-like mother face;
Yielding to divine love-fire
Her thoughts, her words, her deeds inspire.
 Ask the winds; they know.

They know that once a fertile field
Held its flower'd face to yield
To shifting breezes wasting breath
That slowly crushed to fatal death.
 Ask life; it knows.

Grinds, grinds the mill of time so slow
Chameleon days that come and go;
So bound together that plastic hours
Wax and wane with sun and showers.
But life and change and growth are one,
And death is just the life to come.

On The Trail.

The mother, weary with scrip and staff,
Searching beyond the heights that rise and dip,
Looks backward at the rocky road
That winds and winds to childhood.
And the white milestones standing by the way
Mark smiles and tears where buried treasures lie;
But from darkest night, the rising day
Gives pause; to worship gladly in the sky;
Dim eyes turn eastward and disappears the rod!
Resounds the Crusaders' cry!
"It is the will of God."

Wait pilgrim, weary not thyself but rest;
Linger within the hills that lie before.
Look backward at the flowery path
That winds and winds to childhood,
And the nine roses growing by the way
Mark tasks and joys thy loving vision clears.
Now on starry ground thy sunny day
Shadows 'neath thy feet the doubts and fears;
Turn glad eyes upward and thru thee sunshine flows.
Look up where God's blessing is—
Thou art the full-blown rose.

Tides.

Upon wet sands beside the sea,
The flooding tides tossed carelessly
A dead, inert, brown-tangled mass
Of snaky kelp and salt sea grass.

Then backed the tides on conquest bent,
"Look!" they cried, "the sea hath sent
A goodly ship with us to play
We'll bear her by the sands to stay."
So on its back the flooding tide
Gave the ship her death-bound ride.
The moon's full face looked down that night
And saw the ship in sorry plight;
Upon the white sands' gleaming breast
The tides had placed the ship to rest;
As dead, inert, as the slimy kelp,
Her stricken keel bereft of help.

With tall, gaunt masts flung to the stars
Her timbers moaned, "My hull and spars
Are naught but refuse of the sea!
Why should this sorrow come to me?

"When I was built my keel was laid
Like Argo's from stout timbers made;
My ribs and sides were braced with knees
All master-hewn from oaken trees;
From stem to stern, from truck to keel
No flaw nor error could I feel.
Of Talking Oak they built my bow
That I might turn my pointing prow
With words of wisdom for my crew
To guide them on the ocean blue;
As Jason led with buckled zest
The Argo's voyage on her quest."

She turned her bow up to the stars
And cried aloud, "My keel and spars
Are naught but refuse of the sea!
Why should this sorrow come to me?"

She trembled and her thoughts resumed
And compassed points with gladness turned.
"A sea-gull white I proved to be
And many came to look at me;
Then proudly down the ways I slipped
And eagerly the water dipped."
Once more she quivered with delight
As she recalled the happy sight
Of waving flags and swelling notes
Of gripping thrills and cheering throats.
A hand had clutched her aching side
She looked—it was the creeping tide.

She strained her masts out to the stars
And wailed in pain, "My keel and spars
Are naught but refuse of the sea!
Why should this sorrow come to me?"

On vagrant, fitful bed she lay
And dreamed of how that happy day
She raised her anchor with the tide
And started on her life-bound ride.
"My master paced the deck at night
And ordered sails all snug and tight.
With side-lights shining red and green
I scanned ahead with vision keen;
Then wing and wing or on the wind
Or sails for shifting breezes trimmed,
I sailed with him so faithfully
To every port on every sea."

Her voice was carried to the stars
She cried aloud, "My sides and spars
Are naught but refuse of the sea!
Why should this sorrow come to me?"

"When I was leader of the fleet
My wake they never chanced to meet;
Until one dark, destructive night
My sister-ship sailed out of sight;
The rageful master madly swore
He'd sail the sea with me no more.
So when we reached the port of home
He left my aching soul alone.
In depths untouched by line or lead
My wounded heart lay cold and dead."
She shivered on the fog-gripped shore
And moaned, "I'll roam the sea no more."

"No more I'll sail beneath the stars
And wreckage are my hull and spars;
I'm naught but refuse of the sea!
Why should this sorrow come to me?"

Beneath the slow tide's potent hand
A cutting voice rose from the sand.
The sea-tossed kelp, the sport of wave
A scornful laugh the wrecked ship gave;
"Oh bitter thoughts that ebb and flow
That hatches fetter down below,
Unclose and breathe the fresh salt airs
A fetid bilge your life ensnares;
Benighted prow! disordered brain!
Raise your useless anchor chain;
Let winds and squalls and tempests blow
Forget yourself and service know."

"Medusa-headed octopus
What right have you to sting me thus?
With cargoes rare my sides were filled
With every mile my log-line thrilled."

The kelp-born twisted serpents swayed
And sharply hissed, "You are afraid!
Your woeful words are poisoned breath
With subtle sting that carry death
In every part of deck and hold;
To death! your life-blood has been sold.
The tone of your soliloquy
Is like the pounding of the sea
And wrecks, its labored pain brings forth
As true the point that seeks the north.
What call you service, lubber-head,
With patience go where you are led?"

"My master's hand was firm and bold
I loved his wishes to uphold;
We sailed beneath the summer moon
Together faced the mad typhoon."

"You self-sufficient clouded wreck
Who walked again your reeking deck?"
Her voice half-drowned in crashing wave
The affronted ship, an answer gave:
"Derisive heads, do not condemn
Unfriendly hands then set my helm;
Once more my ropes a master knew
Once more my prow the water threw.
When fell a stranger's hand on me
My keel felt heavy in the sea;
And deep in black and grimy smoke
Before the dawn my spirit broke.

Thru smoke my spirit to the stars
Gave plaint; my prow and weary spars
Are naught but refuse of the sea!
Why should this sorrow come to me?

Close wrapped in fog, my soul aghast
The captain saw me sinking fast;
He cried, "The ship has sprung a leak!
The shore and safety we must seek!
The tub's no good, her day is done,
No more she'll hear the chanty sung.'
I watched them moving out of sight
And longed to make a sea-gull's flight;
My brain and soul were weather-bound
My fate led on the sand to pound.
Alone they left me on the seas
A victim of the tides and breeze.

"No power left, no mortal help
What could I do, accusing kelp?"
No answer save the wave's refrain
That sobbed and spread and ebbd again.

Mute anguish stilled the voice aboard
Her ropes and sails with one accord
Recurrent swayed in palsied tone
A helpless soul in posture prone.
The midnight hour was still; the ship
Like gull whose flying wings are clipped
Lay prostrate, passive, dull and dead
The frenzied tempest, windward fled.
A voice crept from the chastened sea:
"A well built ship, her keel is free;
Place hawsers strong on every side
I think she'll float this very tide."

Unfathomed longings huddled close
The disconcerted ship arose.
She moved! she thrilled! the tempest-tossed
Was riding safe! she was not lost!

Beneath her keel a restless flood
Stirred to effort seething blood;
The still small voice of flooding tide
Soothed and pressed her feverish side;
"Now heave the lead and soundings take
Unfurl the sails and courses make."
Rang loud a master's voice again
New life infused with steps of men;
A stimulated spirit flew
A marvel to her busy crew;
And in the north a gleaming star
Sent her guiding beam afar.

"My helm, my scepter to conform
To ride the wind; direct the storm;
To breast the wave, to sway the tide,
Will wing me o'er the ocean wide.

Oh friendly kelp, in waters deep,
Is your life futile, incomplete,
Detached like drifting grains of sand
Or rocks from yonder fog-tipped land?
Or do you seek an unseen Pole
Where endless horizoned waters roll;
Or down in gloomy surging caves
Aelous fetters struggling waves?
Twelve tides stretched wide their weary length
With steadfast purpose gave you strength
That I might find myself again;
My way now lies with fellow-men."

Within her hold a muffled voice
Responded, "Service was my choice;
A re-created vision laid
From useless kelp to potash made.

The lights still watch with changing tide
To guide you on your homeward ride;
Secure, your wing will lead the flocks
Thru Dark Blue Dashers' floating rocks;
When Orpheus caught his harp and played,
The raging storm and tempest stayed;
The boiling waves released her bow
And sobbing sank beneath the prow.
Your safe return, oh ship of peace,
From conquest with the Golden Fleece."
The master paced the deck that night,
And silence heard, "My sea-gull white."

Selections from the Play

"Wonderland of Nature." (1915)

Spirit of Opportunity

"Dear friends, great and small
Who walk along life's way,
Trudging with solid purpose to reach the goal,
Will you not pause
And view the wandering spirits of this earth
Who try each step all mortals to surround?
Two factions are they and round and round
With never-ceasing undulations each
Try to overcome the other."

Spirit of the Wind

"From a lone restless home in great haste I flee
The world calls me here to battle and strife.
I come with a rush or with slow-sounding glee,
My cry you must heed: the battle of life.
My lightnings all flash and my loud thunders rattle
My dark clouds I call and the tears fall like rain.
With fierce fighting I, with Happiness battle;
With low, thundrous murmurs I creep back again."

"From lonely heights to darkest depths
In the dim, dark quiet of night,
I stir like a pulse—
I wail at your door—
I creep—
 I Rush—
 I ROAR."

Spirit of Home

"By the hearth of the lofty palace,
By the steps of the lowly cot,
In the mountains high and the valleys low
On the sands of the desert hot,
The Spirit of Home, I wander wide
E'en sail the raging main;
In peaceful life, in war and strife
In fields of waving grain.
I seek my way to the frozen north
I bask in the southland clime;
High or low my spirit all know
From beginning to end of time.
Happy companions five have I
Who love their Spirit of Home;
They quickly flee when strife they see,
Sadly the earth they roam.
Come Patience and Prudence, warm this heart;
Come Laughter and Joy so gay;
With Kindness sweet the World to meet,
Come waken this Spirit today."

Orpheus Sings With His Lute

(Music, "Beethoven's Spirit Waltz.")

"When Orpheus plays his lute with lightest fingers,
All Nature then awakes with sweetest singers.
Spirit of Mountains, Spirit of Fountains,
Spirit of Faith in Powers above;
Spirit of Wisdom, Spirit of Love.

"O'er the troubled sea the notes are ringing
In the balmy sky the birds are singing;
Spirit of Flowers in leafy bowers,
Bow before all Nature's work.
Spirit of Hope, Spirit of Might,
Spirit of Darkness, Spirit of Light."

The Spirit of Music

(Music, Rubenstein's Melody in F.)

"Here dwells the Spirit of Music so sweet,
Music of sadness, music of gladness;
Telling of youth, age and old Time so fleet,
Singing of calm and storm.
Here dwells the Spirit of Music so gay,
Music of glad time, music of sad time;
Telling of childhood and love's perfect day,
Singing of night and morn.
Tales of the old time and beauty adorning
Birds singing sweetly and dew of the morning.
Oh, Spirit of Music who dwells everywhere,
Spirit of Music who banishes care.
Lyre of Apollo with strings tuned for mirth,
Waft thru the clear air message to Earth,
Tuning each soul to reveal chords of gladness
Melodies rich and rare.

Spirit of the World

"Spirit of Dawn! oh Spirit of Dawn!
Hear my cry! the night is long!
Upon my fevered brow thy rosy finger press
With cooling touch; a soft caress
In darkness as I wander on.

"Spirit of Dawn! oh Spirit of Dawn!
Hear my cry! the World's old song!
Awake! awake! this hour choose!
I cannot—will not— courage lose
Forever in a shadowed throng."

Spirit of Dawn

"I am the smile of God that greets
The world in tenderness;
That mother-smile o'er a little babe
A lingering caress.
I follow the steps of nights' darkest hour
With muffled tread I creep;
Bringing the dew to each waking flower
Light from steep to steep.
My path is a shaft of changing lights
My staff a torch of red,
To guide the smile of coming day,
When darkest night has fled.
Now the eastern sky is all aglow,
What fairy fete is this?
Sunbeams dancing to and fro
Each little flower to kiss.
With twinkling steps, up, up they come,
Dance little spirits gay,
Bring warmth and light in revel bright
To all the world today."

To Pauline

**My fairy mite of sympathy
With love I give these songs to thee ;
For your graceful arms and twinkling toes
Your rhythmic charms and dainty pose.**

(Collected in 1912)

Pandean Pipes.

One early morn in an ancient wood,
While yet the sparking dew
On leaf and flower like diamonds stood
Radiant with rainbow hue,
There met, the musical sounds of air
And whispers of wood and field;
A choir of silver-toned resonance rare
Harmonious tones revealed.
From the notes divine which now arose
The dainty Syrinx was born;
As gentle as the brooklet flows,
As pure as early morn.
Beloved of Satyr Nymph and Faun
Her witchery she spread;
Danced each day from dawn to dawn
The willing sprites she led.
Now Pan one day with lovelit eyes
Implored a kiss divine;
She ran away with frightened cries,
Nor let his arms entwine.
O'er grass and knoll in haste she fled,
With sobs of fright she cried;
To the river bank in terror led
With water nymphs to hide.
His strides were swift; his breath drew near,
He paused; a plaintive strain
Arose above the water clear,
A murmuring refrain.
Charmed were the ears of Pan to hear
Such music sweet ascend,
He gathered reeds with voices clear
Their harmony to blend.
In honor of this nymph so good
He placed them side by side;
And ever thru Arcadian wood
The notes of Pan float wide.

The Story of a Little White Butterfly.

A cocoon brown all winter lay
Sleeping soundly the time away;
When softly and sweetly the sounds of spring
Like music thru the shell crept in.
Awakened the beautiful spirit there
And quickly it rose in the warm, fresh air.

Beneath the cloudless summer sky
Floated the little white butterfly;
Contented and warm in the sun's bright rays
Gay and happy the long, bright days;
Caressed and petted by the zephyrs' kiss
Dreaming of naught but perfect bliss.

Now came scudding across the sky
Some dark, dark clouds hurrying by;
The wind soon rose to a hurricane,
The leaves all bowed to the pelting rain;
The frightened butterfly quickly chose
A shelter under a red, red rose.

"How cruel are the wind and rain!"
She cried and sighed and cried again.
"The sun forever has gone away,
My wings, these enemies will flay.
No one cares if alone I sigh,
No one cares if alone I die."

A soft voice made her look around
Curious and wondering whence came the sound.
"Look up!" said the rose and rosily smiled,
Beneath the smile she grew warm and mild;
"Where you are sheltered is happiness found,
Love and friendship forever around."

Never before was grass so green,
Never had such flowers been seen;
The rain drops glistened like morning dew,
Gaily soon the sun peeped thru.
Content and happy in shade and sun
She danced and danced 'till day was done.

The Answer of the Star.

From the sparkling depths of a starry sky
Safe on a white cloud's wing;
Sailing from my place on high
Wands of magic nine I bring.

With the mystic birth of a little babe
Is born a magic power;
Infinite and heaven made
As any little flower.

From the guiding hand of Clio fair
I bring her power to thee;
Erato's wand, love gives fond care;
Calliope's sweet story see.

From Melpomone's hand, tragedy's pose,
The wand lends firm restrain.
Euterpe's breath in harmony rose
Terpsichore to claim.

With the sacred wand of Polhymnia's power
Urania's star beyond,
The laughter gay from Thalia's bower
From each a magic wand.

From the daughters nine of Memory
And Jupiter so bold,
Spinning on their golden wheel,
The Fates your life unfold.

The Message of an Old-fashioned Nosegay.

In an old-fashioned garden one old-fashioned day
An old-fashioned maiden went tripping;
She nodded and smiled as she danced on her way
At the birds and the sunshine and the flowers gay
Whose honey the bees were sipping.

There were roses and lilies and pansies to meet
All wet with the dew of the morning;
Marigolds yellow and violets sweet,
Forgetmenots blue the new skies greet;
Their beauty the garden adorning.

Now a red rose for love and pansies for thought,
Their faces show plainly their meaning;
The grief of the marigold by no one is sought
Lilies pure; violets modesty taught.
The sun o'er all was gleaming.

In this old-fashioned garden the old-fashioned air
With mystery deep was teeming;
So this old-fashioned maiden happy and fair
Lay down midst her flowers so sweet and rare
And soon was deeply dreaming.

Now awakened these flowers to gently creep;
Love, modesty, purity, reigning;
Over the garden to take a wee peep
At their dear little mistress in slumber deep.
Her life each flower was claiming.

From the violet modest, a spirit arose,
The marigold's grief beguiling;
The lily, pansy and forgetmenot chose
The love from the heart of the red, red rose
For love conquers all with smiling.

Pauline's Wish.

"Oh mirror dear! I wish that I
Such power had as you,
Smiles truth and joy reflect
Tints of every hue.
Oh mirror dear! I wish that I
Into your depths could creep,
I'd call and quickly down to me
Your magic power would leap.

"Oh silver star! I wish that I
Such power had as you;
Light, sun and earth reflect,
Circling walls of blue.
Oh silver star! I wish that I
Could in the heavens creep,
And close-pressed to my longing heart
Your magic power I'd keep."

The Snowflake Dance.

In silence deep I don my gown
Far off in the depths of sky,
With swiftest speed to hurry down
On the cold, damp earth to lie.

Soon on my journey long I flee
With joy I dance along;
With merry glee and laughter free
I join a merry throng.

We dance and sing as down we go,
For many curveting miles;
Until on earth in blanket white,
We lay with sparkling smiles.

The Siren.

A great black rock beside the sea
Like a storm cloud in the sky,
Repulsed the storming ocean,
A Sampson bold on high.

The booming surf forever tolled
A deep, melodious cry;
As the thundrous tones of an organ
Rolls its way out to the sky.

Far on a wide, projecting ledge
There stood a maiden fair;
Ever and ever she danced in glee
Combing her golden hair.

The surf dashed high, the spray flew wide
To mortals all beware!
But ever and ever the siren smiled,
Combing her golden hair.

The Balloon Dance.

Merrily, merrily up we go,
Blue and red together;
Yellow and white in dance delight
And whirl as waving feather.

We turn and twist in merry glee,
Our heads oft bob together;
Up and down, round and round,
We dance a merry measure.

Birth of the American Flag.

Afloat in black obscurity
The world in chaos slept;
And from the nest of purity
Love leaped far into the depth.
By arrows and torch he pierced and tried
To give love and joy to all;
O'er the conquering flag from side to side
Love's red to each doth call.

Purity, born of Juno at early dawn
O'er the awakening world in innocence peeped;
As the frightened eyes of a startled fawn
Gazed afar before it leaped.
She smiled far down on sea and shore,
On men who fought for right;
She stretched her arms on the flag they bore,
And led them in the fight.

Truth, from the height of the noonday sun,
Hangs in soft, voluminous folds,
And masks the earth as a cloistered nun
Is hidden by the veil she holds.
Ever unfolding with time so true,
She watches each wrong and right;
High in the flag her azure blue
Is set with stars of night.



My Prim Primrose.

Gladioli and daisy,
Carnation, rose and fern
I gathered from my garden,
Their secrets deep to learn;
I plucked a dainty flower,
Now what do you suppose?
This sweetest little flower
Was a prim primrose.

She turned her head so sagely,
And gently said to me,
"I am growing in your garden
That you might wiser be.
I smile on every hour
And long ago I chose
To be a guiding flower."
Breathed this prim primrose.

She dropped her eyes demurely
And spoke again to me;
"I am growing in your garden
That you might happy be.
The secret of my growing
Is the love that holds me close."
I kissed this rarest flower,
My prim primrose.

Over On Lake Washington.

Daddy bought a piece of land
That had a beach with shining sand;
And oh we children had such fun!
Over on Lake Washington.

Gibraltar was our landing place,
Goal of a jolly swimming race;
We used to have the greatest fun!
Over on Lake Washington.

Each one had a little boat,
We'd row and race and sometimes float;
Oh it was the mostest fun!
Over on Lake Washington.

And when the day at evening stood,
We popped some corn on glowing wood;
And always had the greatest fun!
Over on Lake Washington.

Never wished to go to bed,
Wished we had the day ahead;
For we had the bestest fun!
Over on Lake Washington.



My Oratorio.

My little bird and I
Thought we would like to try
To sing a song that everyone would please;
So he hopped down close to me,
Just as happy as could be,
And looked as if he knew melodeon keys.

We listened for a tune,
It drifted to us soon,
It came in thru the window on a breeze;
And we caught it so that we
Could sing it happily
On Grandma's little old melodeon keys.

We heard a measured strain
From falling drops of rain,
We heard some plaintive notes come from the trees;
Then came a silvery sound
That held us both spell-bound,
It came from Grandma's old melodeon keys.

A rondo minor-toned
From winds that crept and moaned,
They blew the flowers down on bended knees;
And then a soft breeze came
That put them all to shame,
For it kissed the little old melodeon keys.

A warble, hum and chant
From bird and bee and plant,
It seemed as if the songs would never cease;
They sang both high and low
An oratorio
On Grandma's treasured old melodeon keys.



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